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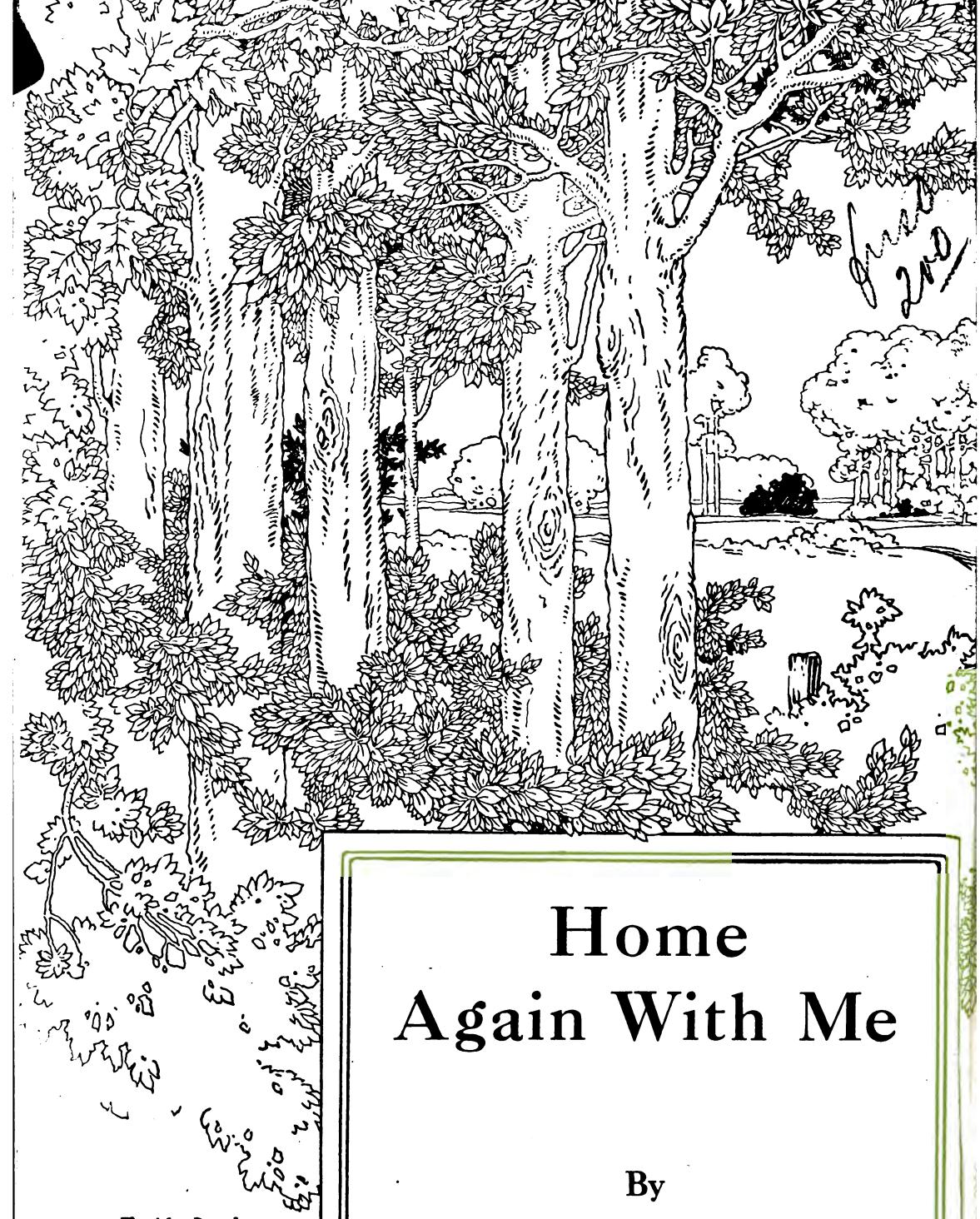
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# Home Again With Me

By

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Franklin Booth

To Adrienne from  
Martin C. Lohn Jr.

Nov. 2 - 1908



With  
Illustrations

By

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

1908

NB)

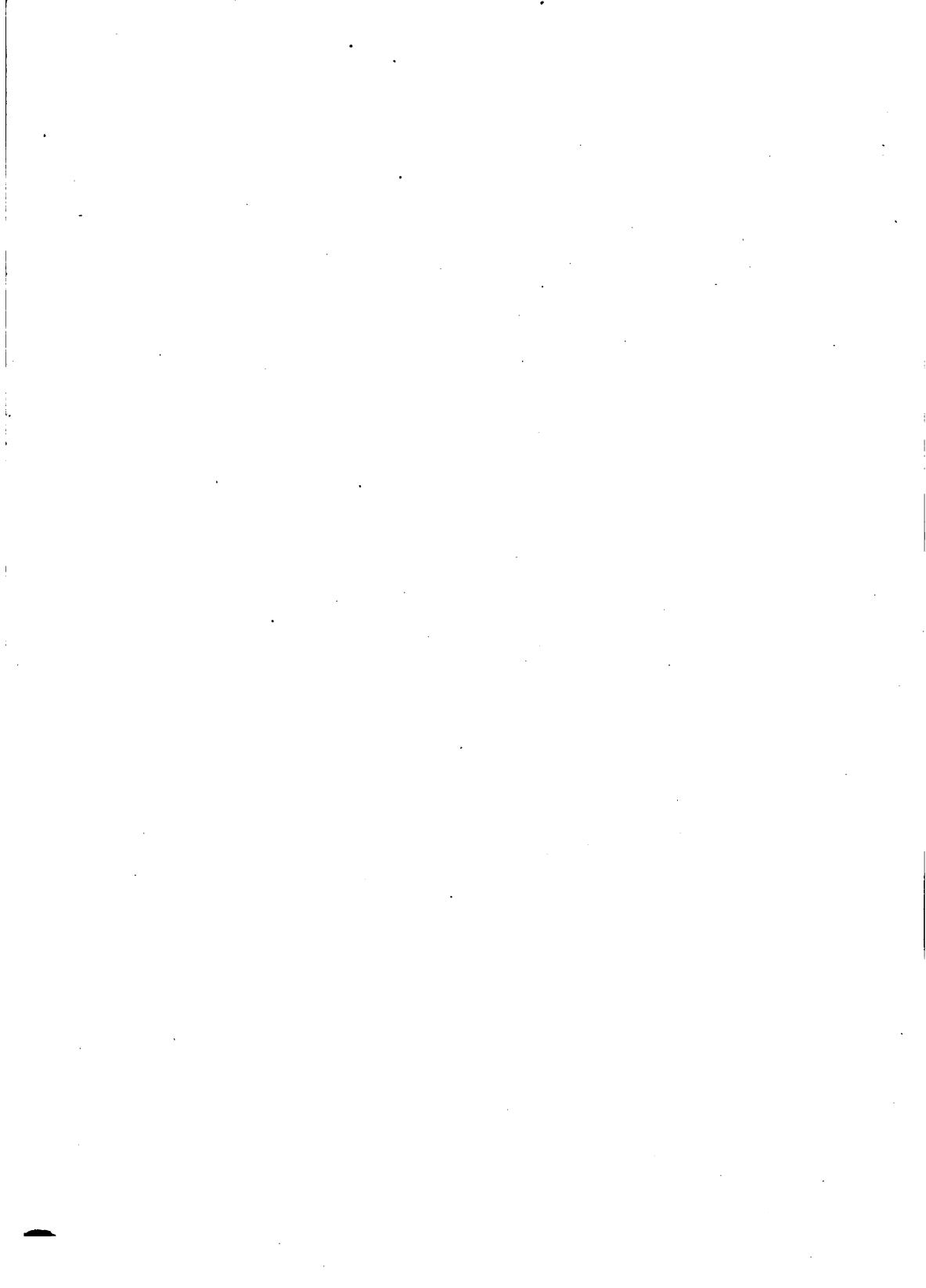
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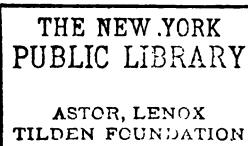
WEI



# Home Again With Me

F. B.







—Hou and Liedtke—

ill. ed.  
17

# Home Again With Me

By

James Whitcomb Riley

Drawings by

Howard Chandler Christy

Decorations by Franklin Booth

Indianapolis  
The Bobbs-Merrill Company

F. B.

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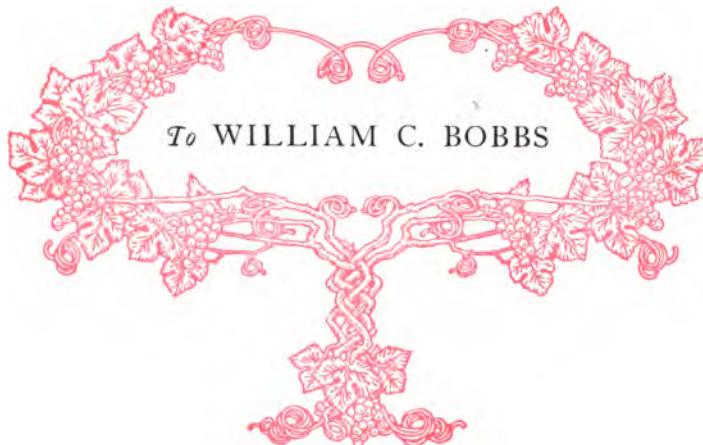
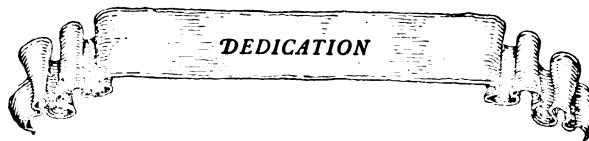
1908

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



PRESS OF  
BRAUNWORTH & CO.  
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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

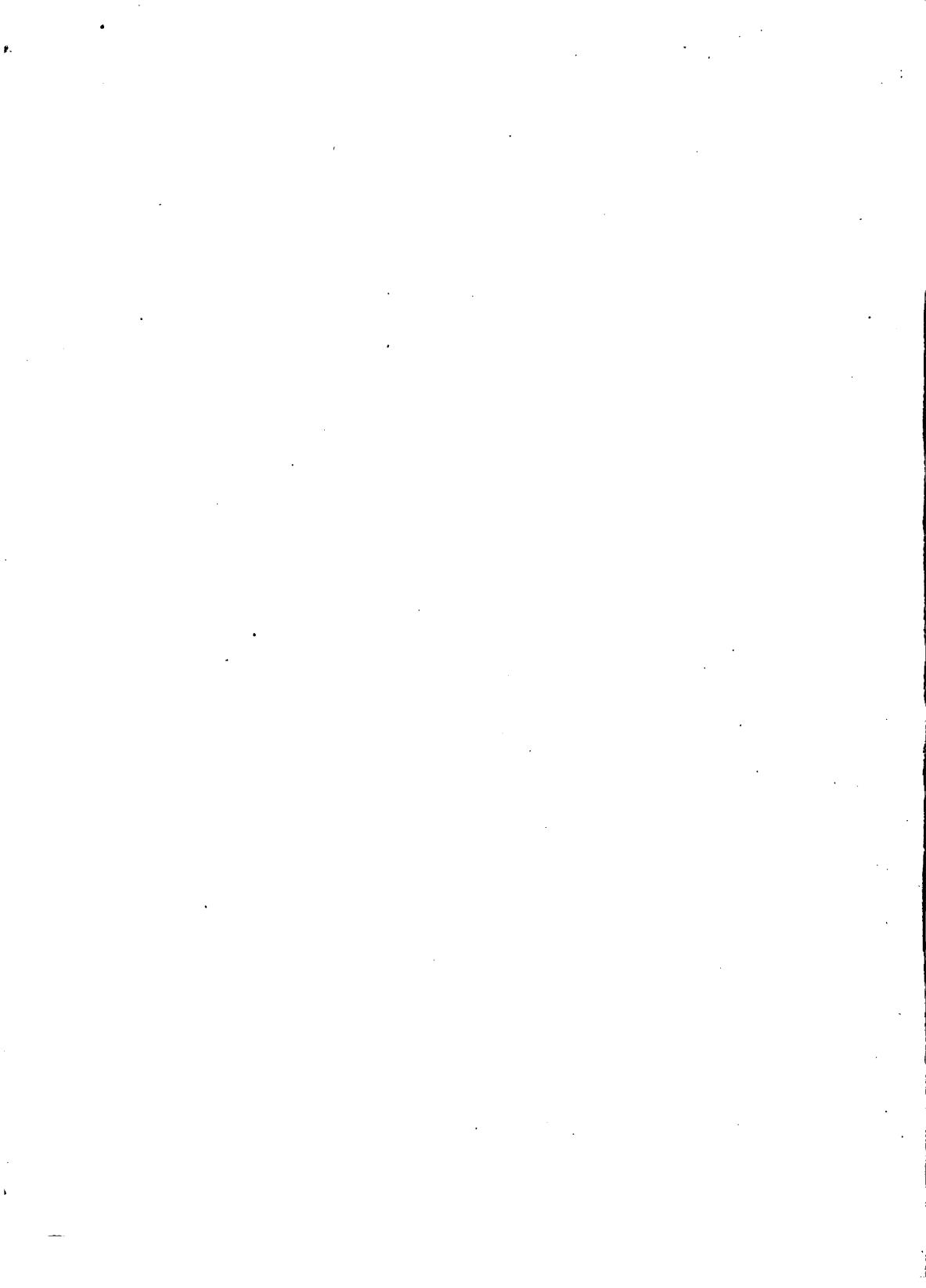
WEDDING  
ALBUM  
MAGNET



*HIS LOVE OF HOME*

“As love of native land,” the old man said,  
“Er stars and stripes a-wavin’ overhead,  
Er nearest kith-and-kin, er daily bread,  
A Hoosier’s love is for the old homestead.”

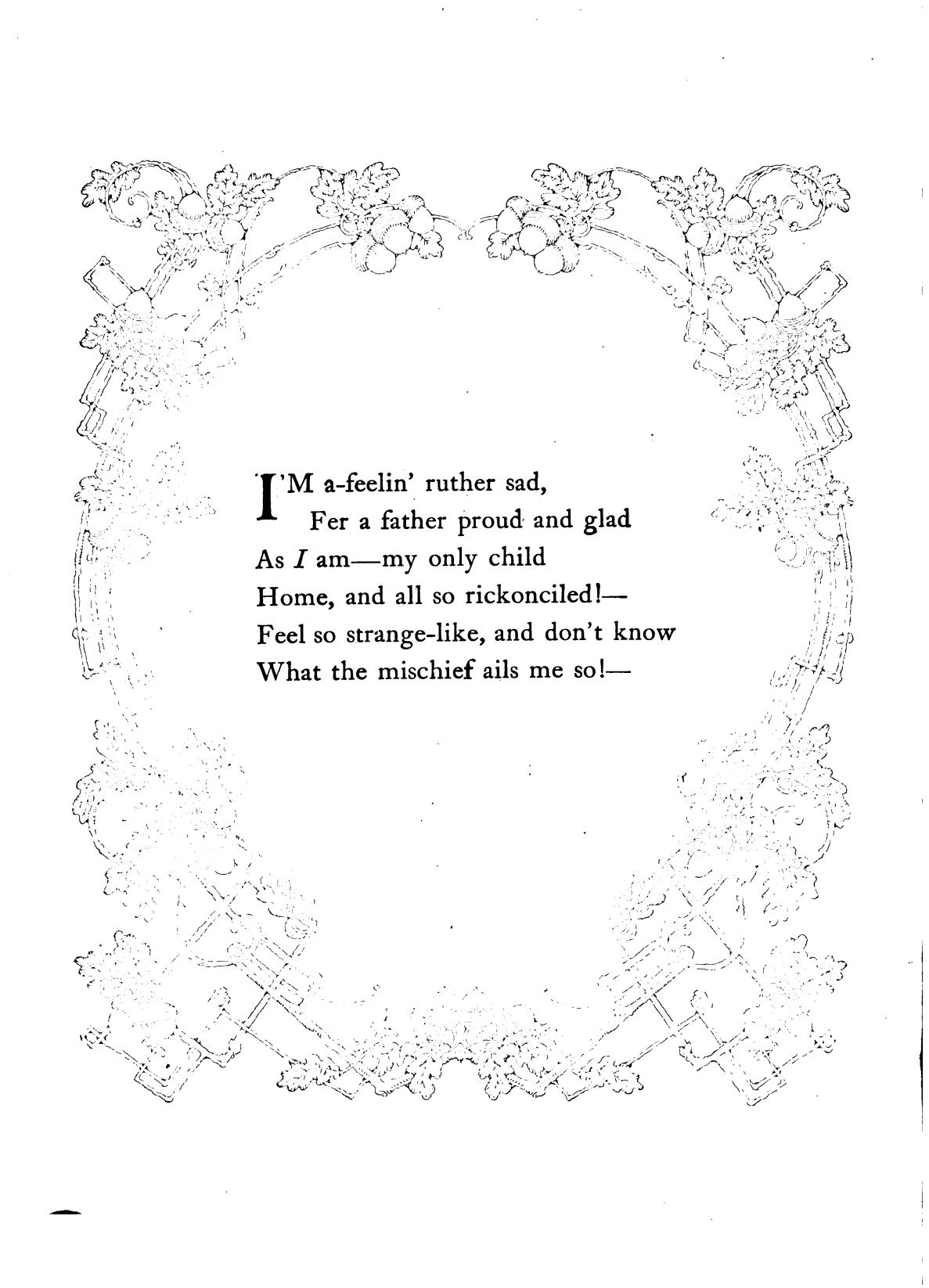






Home  
Again With Me

F. D.



I'M a-feelin' ruther sad,  
Fer a father proud and glad  
As *I* am—my only child  
Home, and all so rickonciled!—  
Feel so strange-like, and don't know  
What the mischief ails me so!—



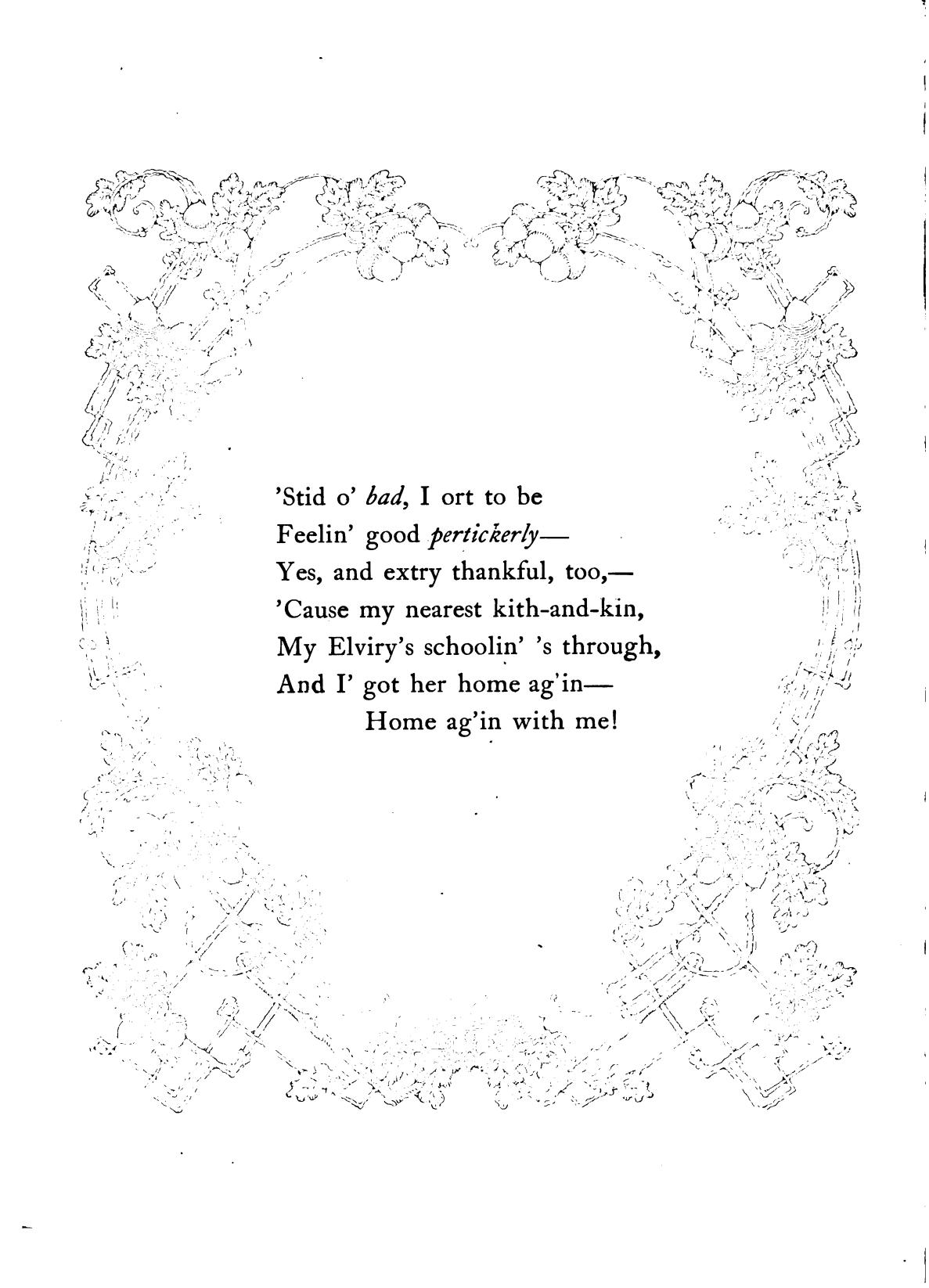
Howard Chandler Christy 1908

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ALICE T. TILDEN  
TILDEN FOUNDATION



For a father proud and glad  
As I am—my only child

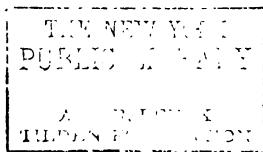


'Stid o' bad, I ort to be  
Feelin' good *pertickerly*—  
Yes, and extry thankful, too,—  
'Cause my nearest kith-and-kin,  
My Elviry's schoolin' 's through,  
And I' got her home ag'in—  
    Home ag'in with me!



Howard Chandler Christy 1907

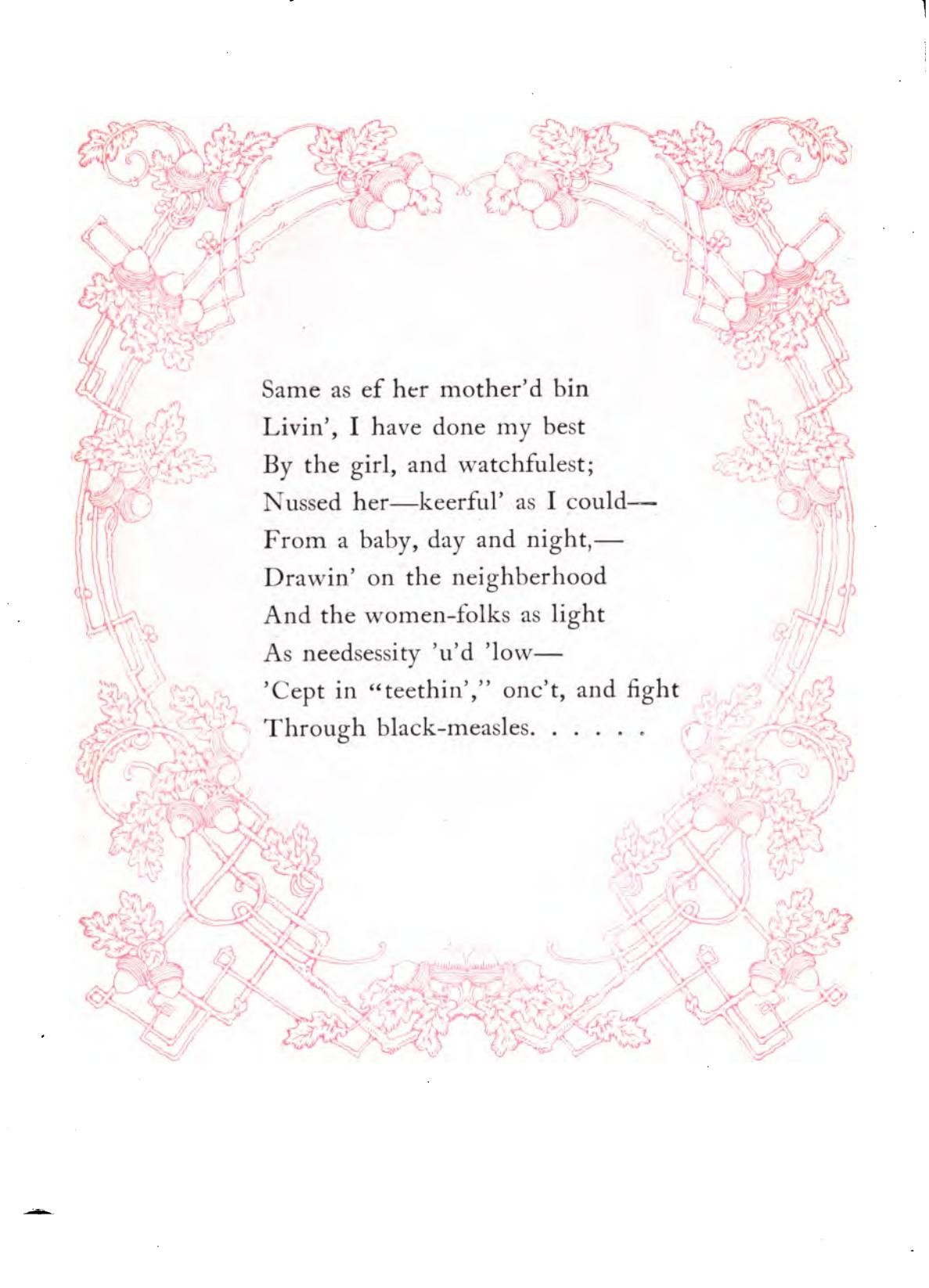
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Edward Penfield Christy 1902

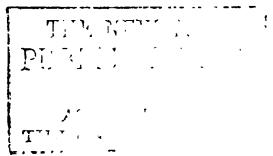
My Elviry's schoolin' 's through,  
And I' got her home ag'in—



Same as ef her mother'd bin  
Livin', I have done my best  
By the girl, and watchfulest;  
Nussed her—keerful' as I could—  
From a baby, day and night,—  
Drawin' on the neighborhood  
And the women-folks as light  
As needssessity 'u'd 'low—  
'Cept in "teethin'," onc't, and fight  
Through black-measles. . . . .



N.C. Wyeth





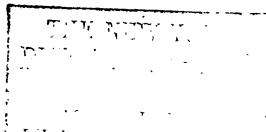
Same as ef her mother'd bin  
Livin', I have done my best

Don't know *now*

How we ever saved the child!  
Doc *be'd* give her up, and said  
(As I stood there by the bed  
Sort o' foolin' with her hair  
On the hot wet piller there)  
"Wuz no use!"—And at them-air  
Very words she waked and smiled—  
Yes, and *knowed* me. And that's where  
I broke down, and simply jes  
Bellered like a boy—I guess!—



Howard Chandler Christy 1915



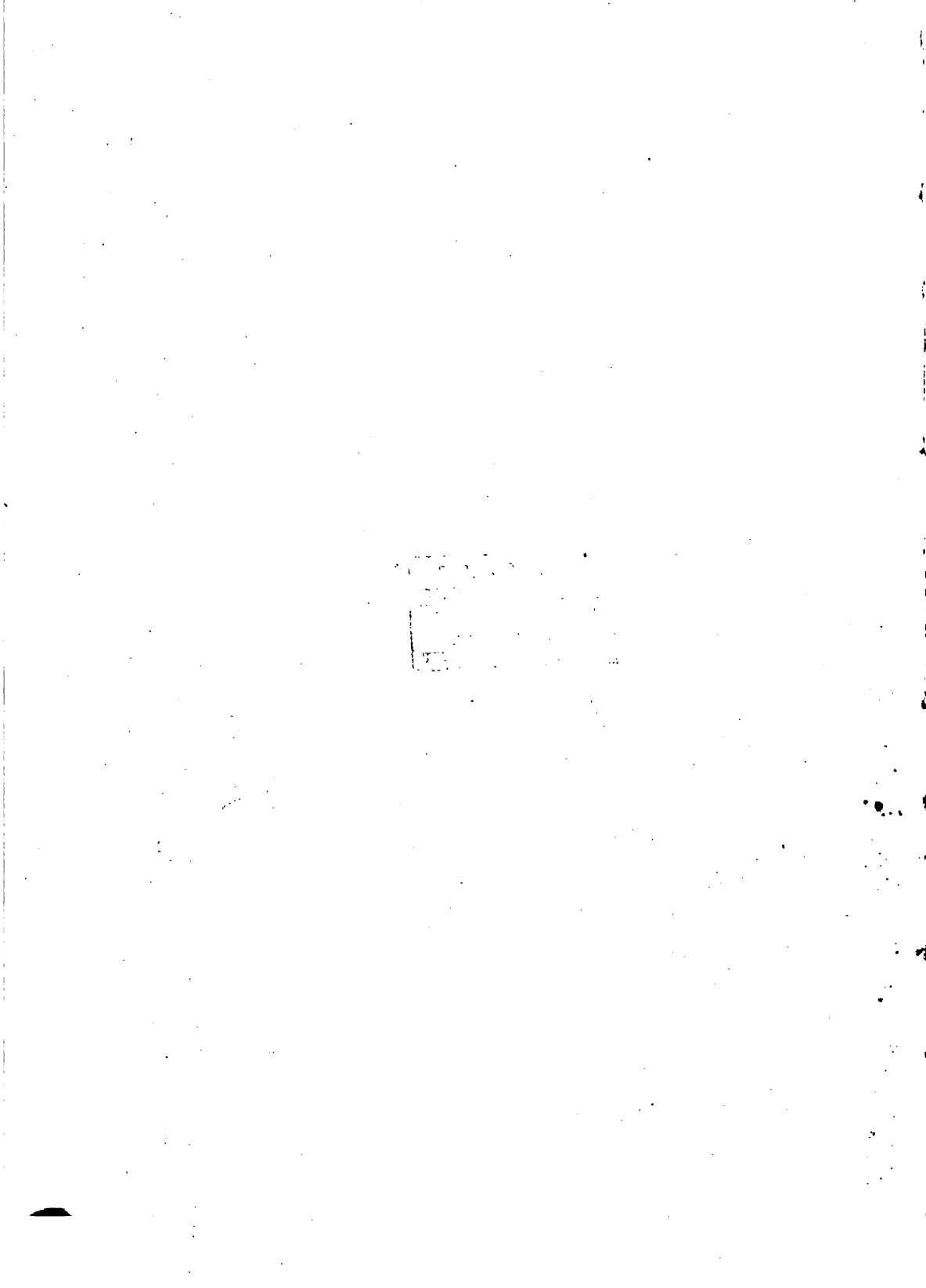


Don't know now  
How we ever saved the child

*Women* claimed I did, but I  
Allus helt I *didn't* cry  
But wuz laughin',—and I *wuz*,—  
(Men *don't* cry like *women* does!)  
Well, right then and there I felt  
'T 'uz her mother's doin's, and,  
Jes like to myse'f, I knelt,  
Whisperin' "*I understand.*" . . .



Howard Chandler Christy 1902





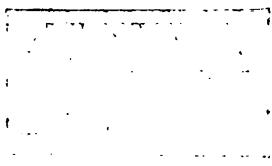
Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

Women claimed I did, but I  
Allus helt I didn't cry

So I've raised her, you might say,  
Stric'ly in the narrer way  
'At her mother walked therein—  
Not so quite *religiously*,  
Yit still strivin'-like to do  
Ever'thing a father *could*  
Do he knowed the *mother* would  
Ef she'd lived.—And now all's through  
And I' got her home ag'in—  
Home ag'in with me!

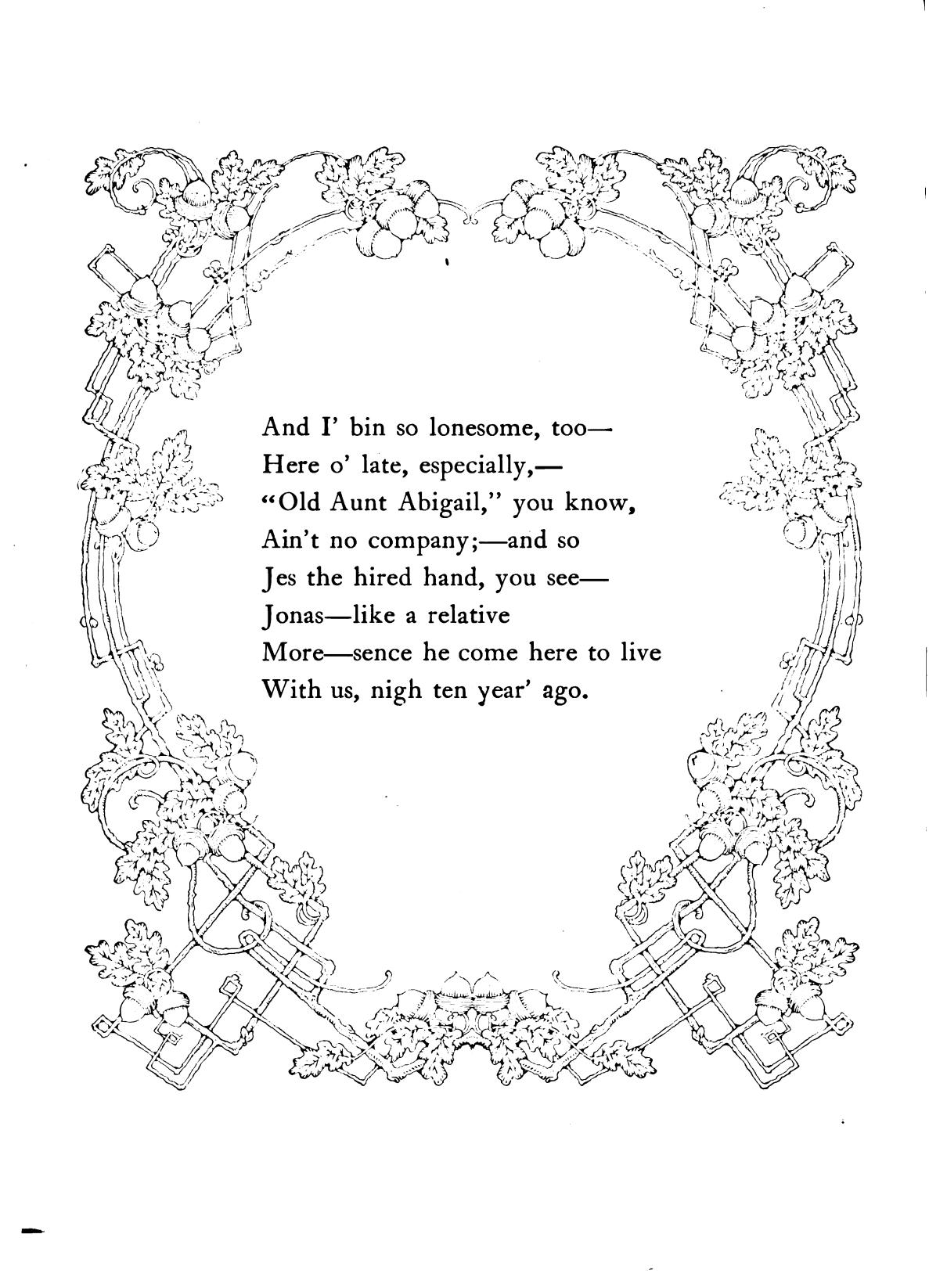


Howard Christie Christie 1904





Vit still strivin'-like to do  
Ever'thing a father could



And I' bin so lonesome, too—  
Here o' late, especially,—  
“Old Aunt Abigail,” you know,  
Ain't no company;—and so  
Jes the hired hand, you see—  
Jonas—like a relative  
More—sence he come here to live  
With us, nigh ten year' ago.



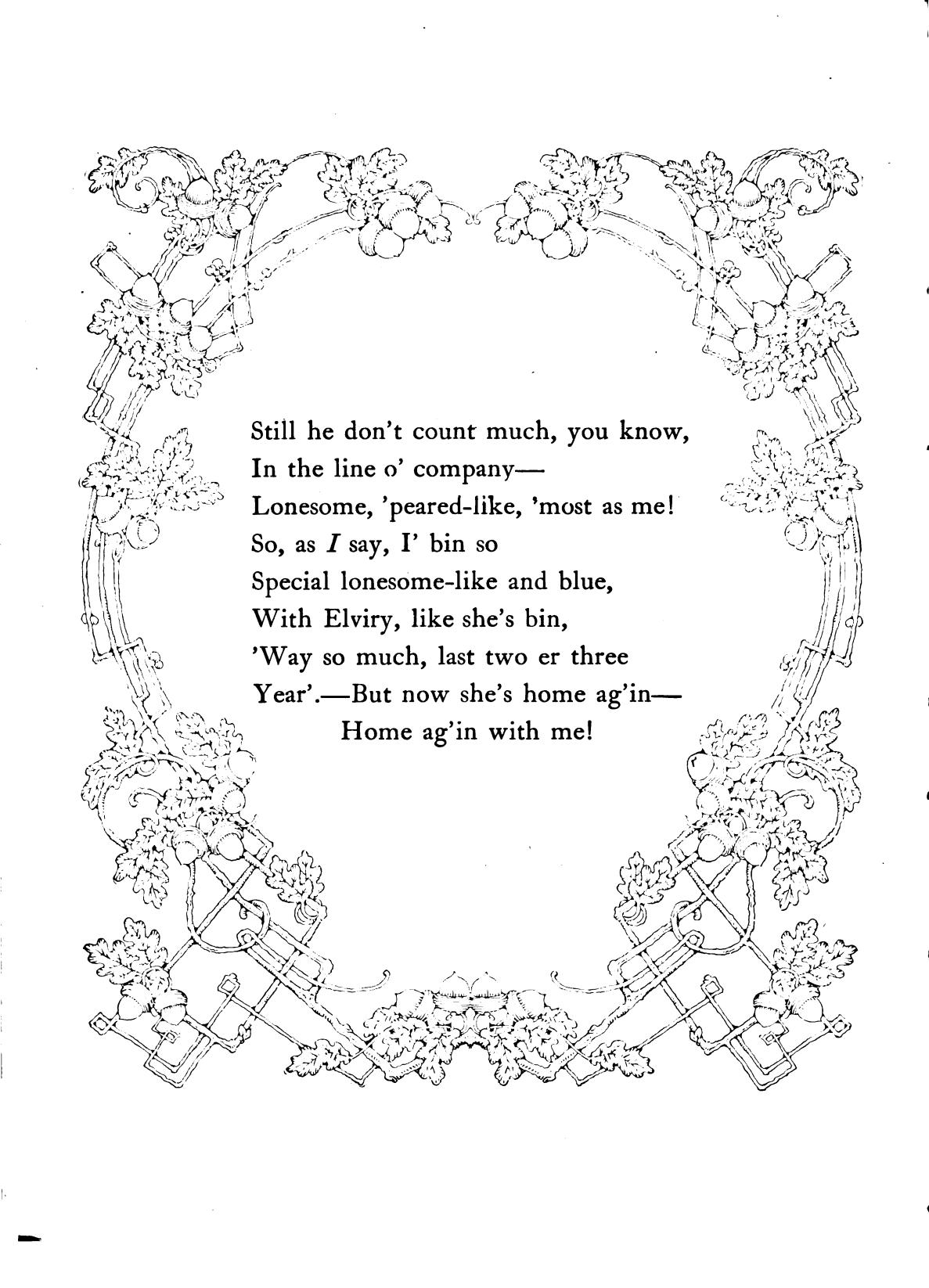
Howard Chandler Christy 1908

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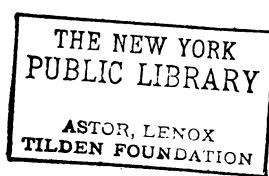
“Old Aunt Abigail,” you know,  
Ain’t no company



Still he don't count much, you know,  
In the line o' company—  
Lonesome, 'peared-like, 'most as me!  
So, as *I* say, I' bin so  
Special lonesome-like and blue,  
With Elviry, like she's bin,  
'Way so much, last two er three  
Year'.—But now she's home ag'in—  
Home ag'in with me!

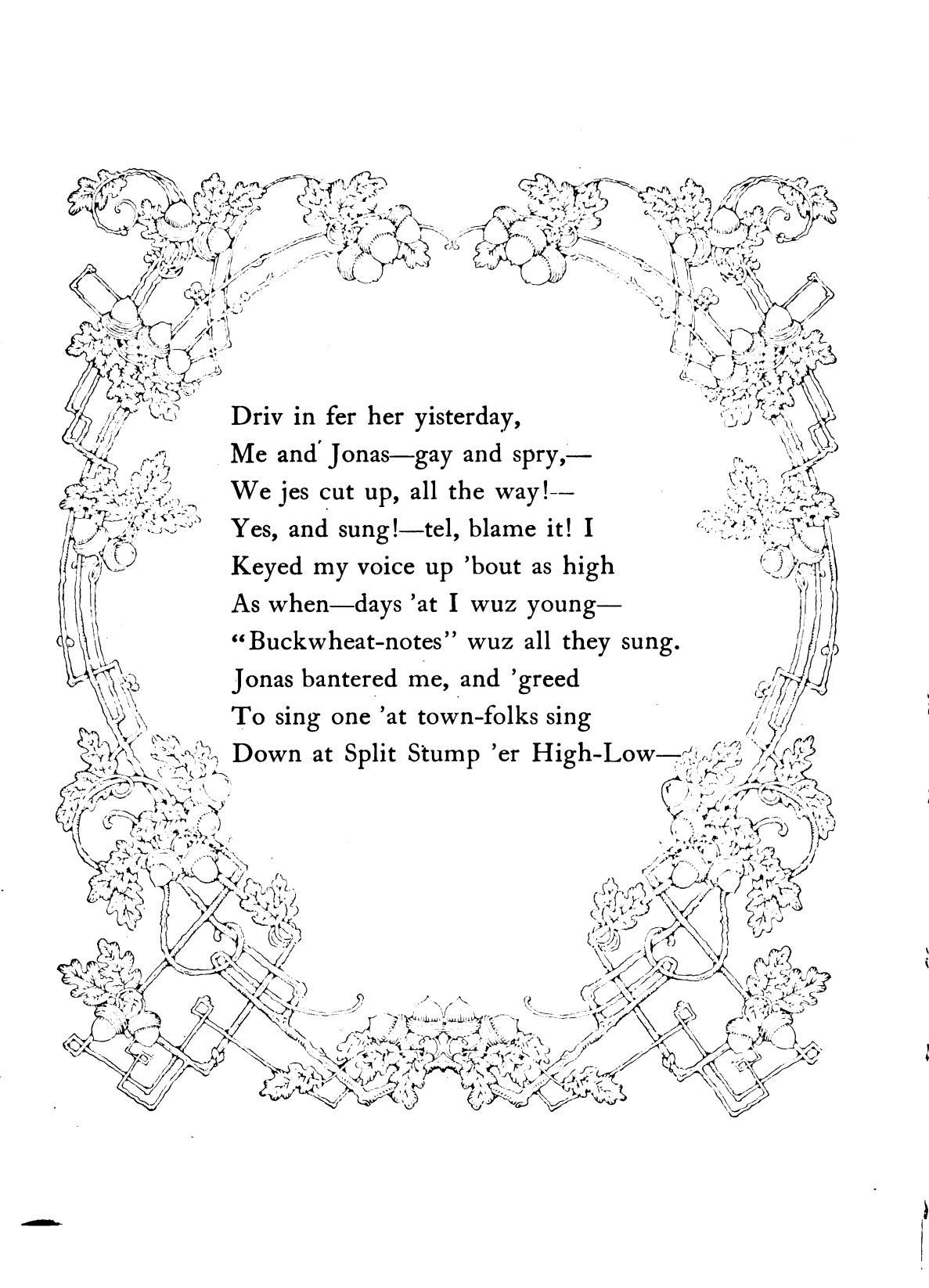


© Charles Christy 1971





Still he don't count much, you know,  
In the line o' company



Driv in fer her yesterday,  
Me and' Jonas—gay and spry,—  
We jes cut up, all the way!—  
Yes, and sung!—tel, blame it! I  
Keyed my voice up 'bout as high  
As when—days 'at I wuz young—  
“Buckwheat-notes” wuz all they sung.  
Jonas bantered me, and 'greed  
To sing one 'at town-folks sing  
Down at Split Stump 'er High-Low—



Howard Chandler Christy

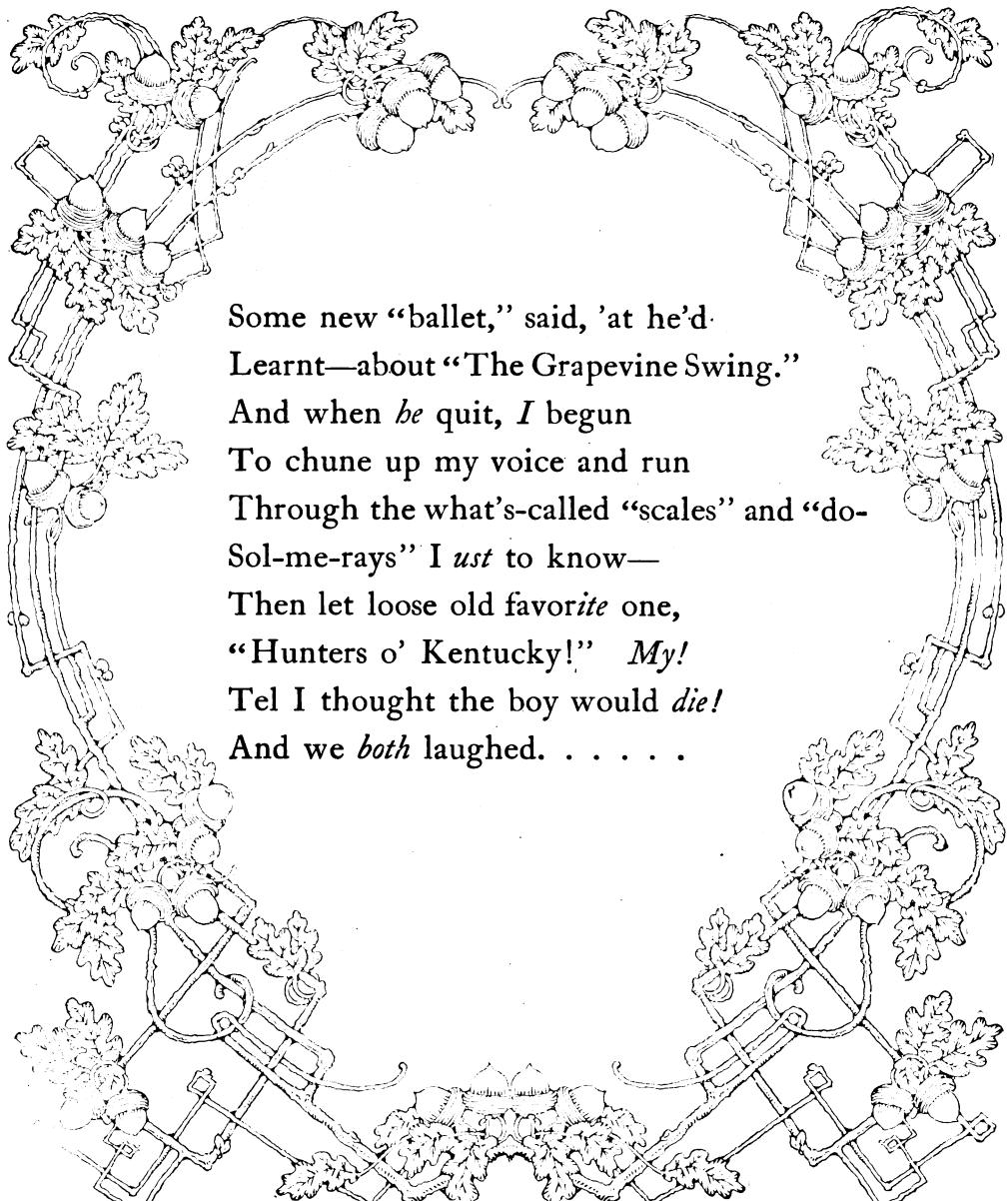
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—Howard Chandler Christy, 1902

Jonas bantered me, and 'greed  
To sing one 'at town-folks sing



Some new "ballet," said, 'at he'd  
Learnt—about "The Grapevine Swing."  
And when *he* quit, *I* begun  
To chune up my voice and run  
Through the what's-called "scales" and "do-  
Sol-me-rays" I *ust* to know—  
Then let loose old favorite one,  
"Hunters o' Kentucky!" *My!*  
Tel I thought the boy would *die!*  
And we *both* laughed. . . . .



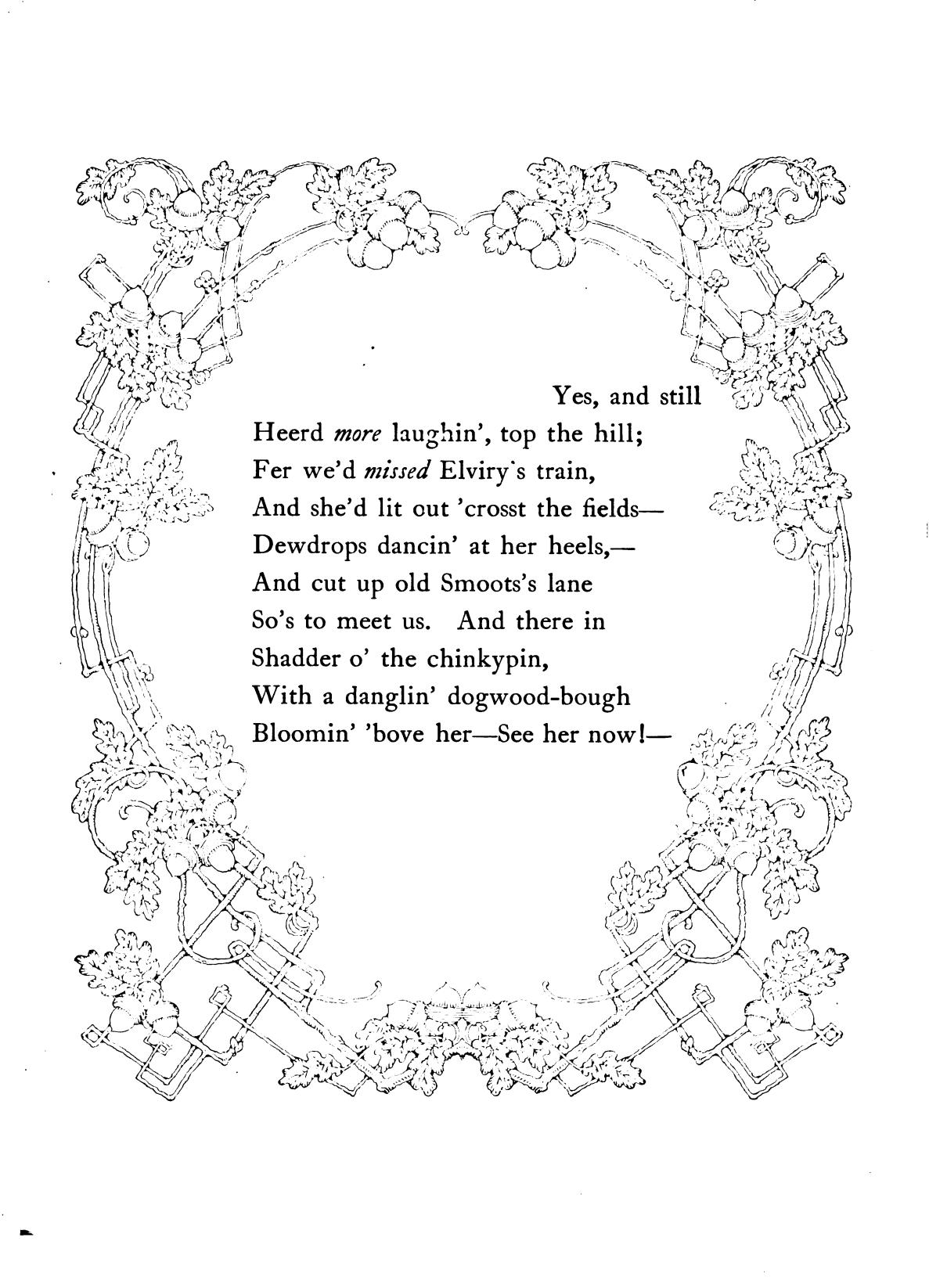
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Howard Chandler Christy. 1922

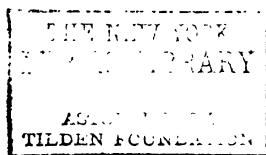
'Way so much, last two er three  
Year. But now she's home again—



Yes, and still

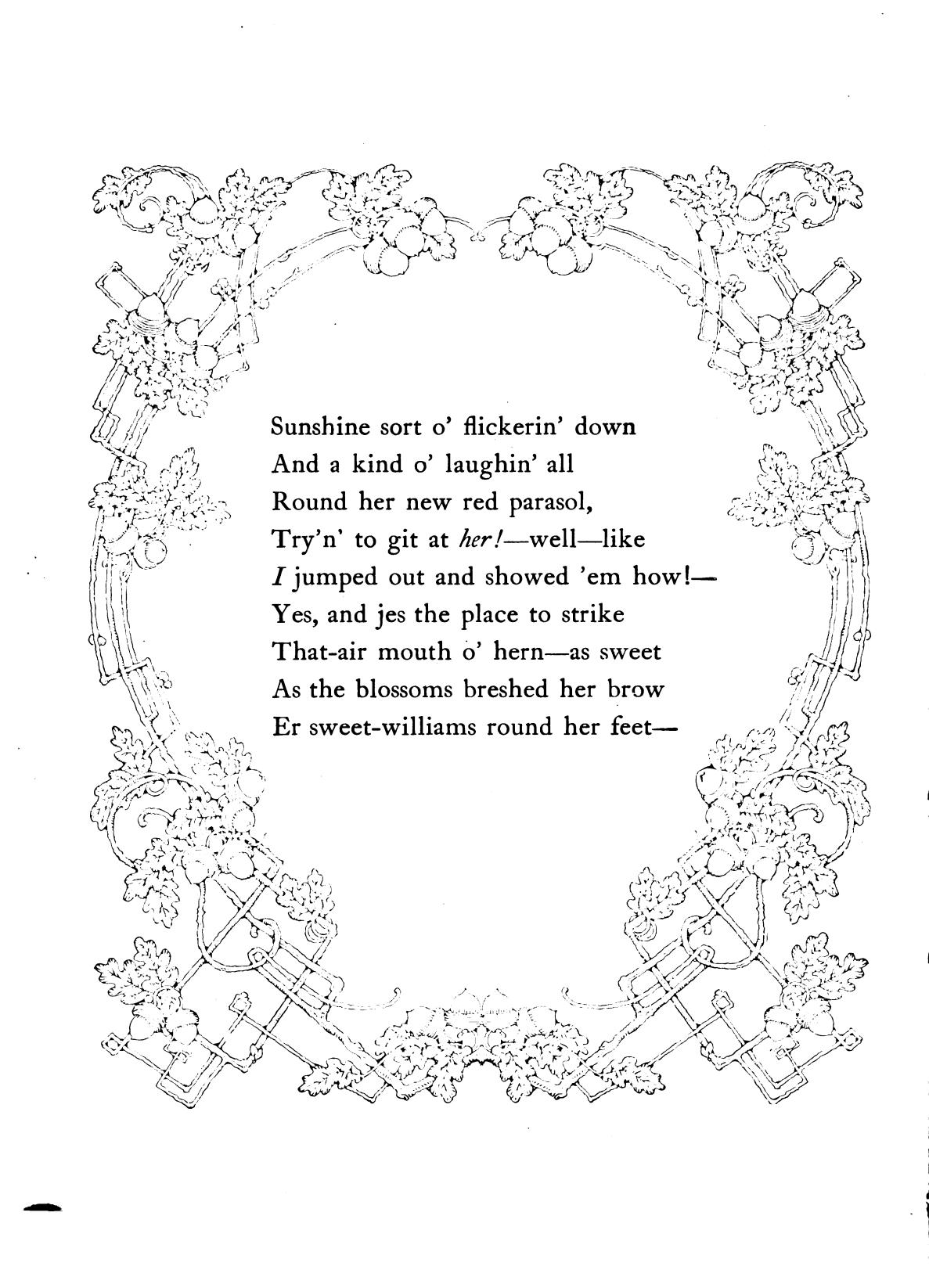
Heerd *more* laughin', top the hill;  
Fer we'd *missed* Elviry's train,  
And she'd lit out 'crosst the fields—  
Dewdrops dancin' at her heels,—  
And cut up old Smoots's lane  
So's to meet us. And there in  
Shadder o' the chinkypin,  
With a danglin' dogwood-bough  
Bloomin' 'bove her—See her now!—





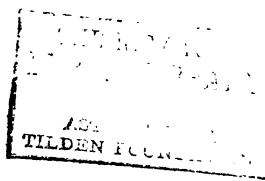


And cut up old Smoot's lane  
So's to meet us.



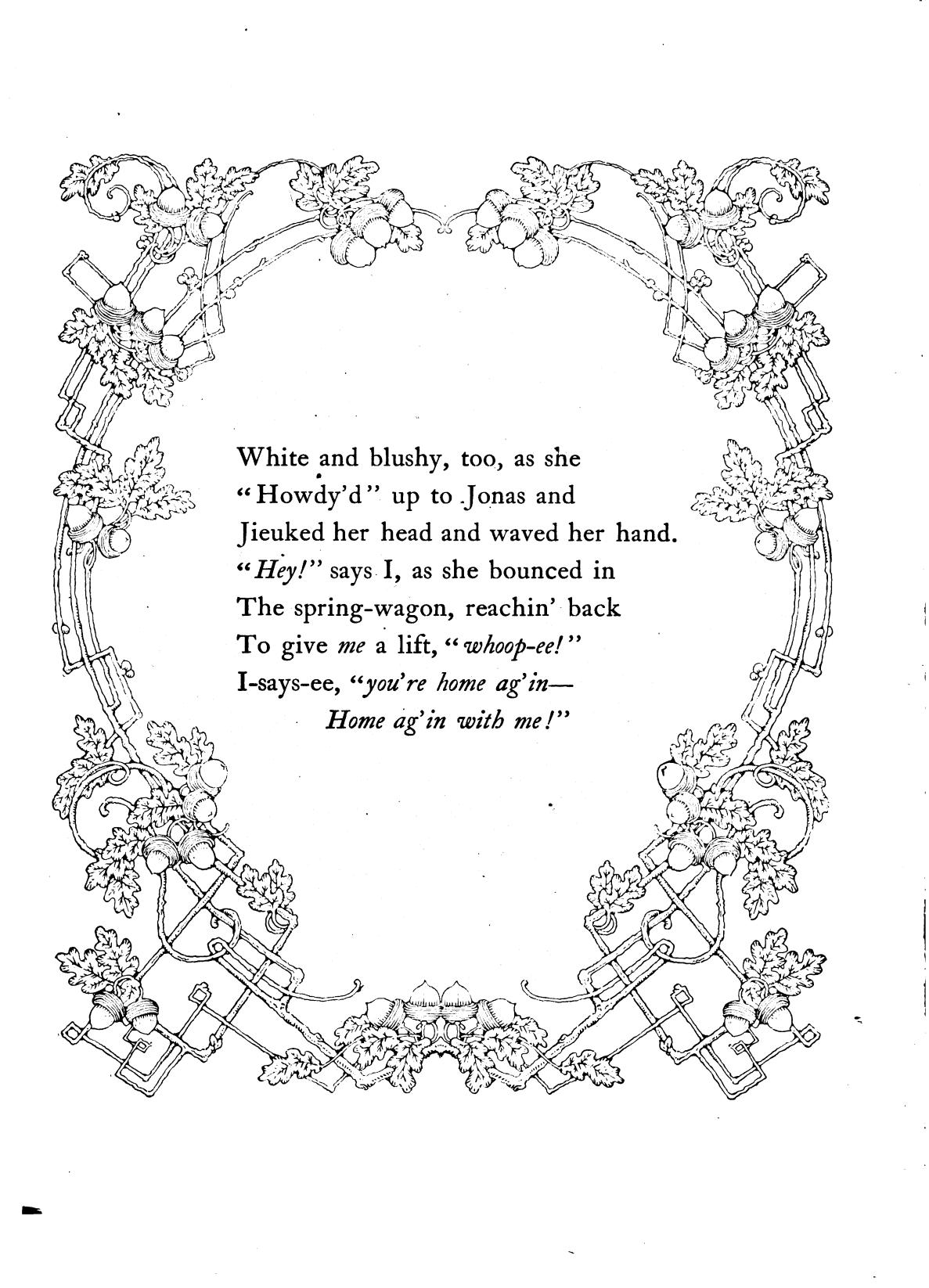
Sunshine sort o' flickerin' down  
And a kind o' laughin' all  
Round her new red parasol,  
Try'n' to git at *her*!—well—like  
I jumped out and showed 'em how!—  
Yes, and jes the place to strike  
That-air mouth o' hern—as sweet  
As the blossoms breshed her brow  
Er sweet-williams round her feet—





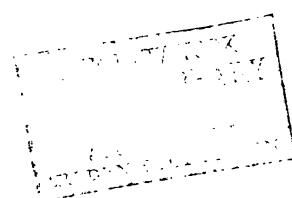


And a kind o' laughin' all  
Round her new red parasol



White and blushy, too, as she  
“Howdy’d” up to Jonas and  
Jieuked her head and waved her hand.  
“Hey!” says I, as she bounced in  
The spring-wagon, reachin’ back  
To give *me* a lift, “whoop-ee!”  
I-says-ee, “*you’re home ag’in—*  
    *Home ag’in with me!*”

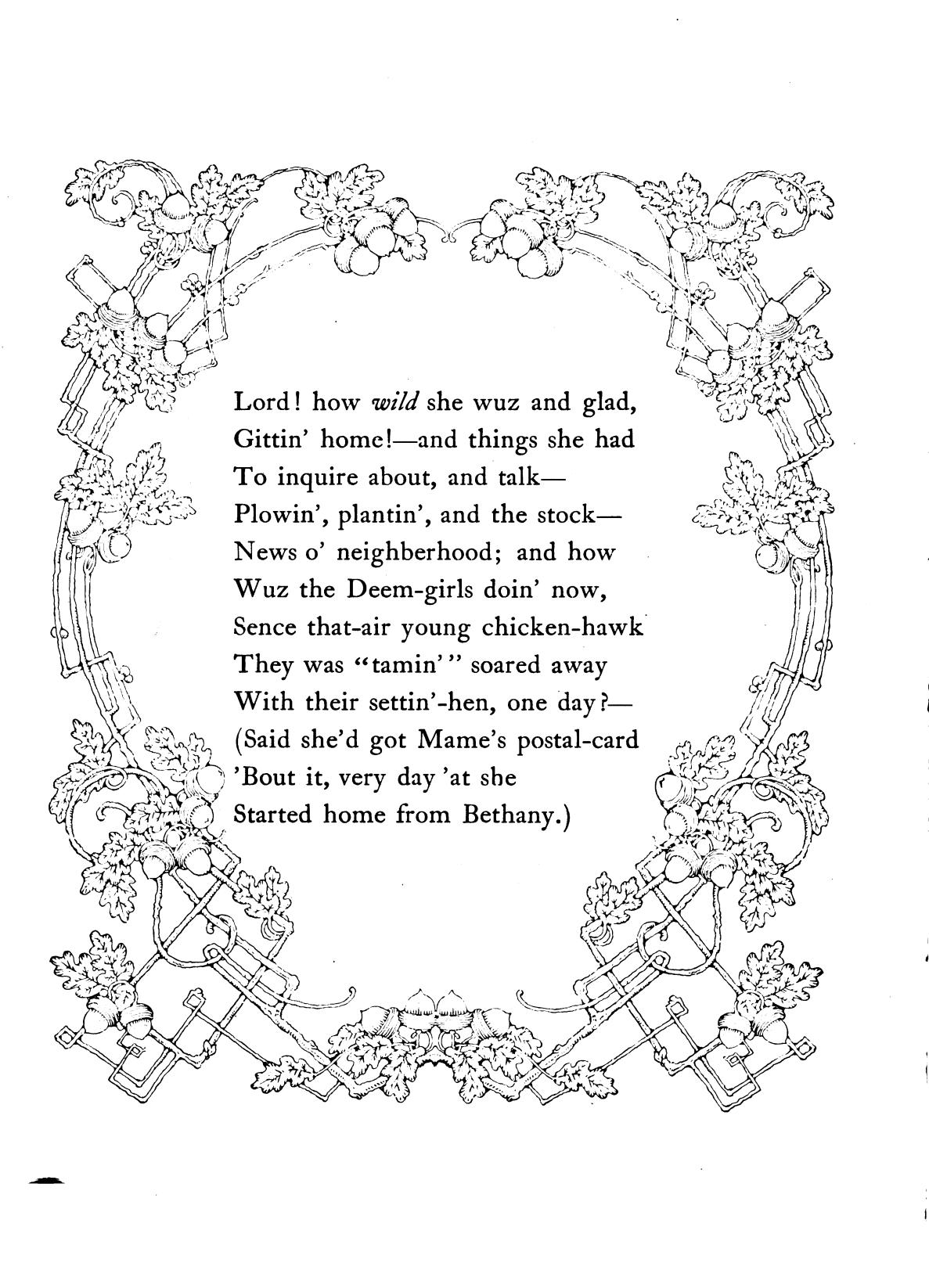






—Hancock Chandler Christie—

I-says-ee, "you're home ag'in—  
Home ag'in with me!"



Lord! how *wild* she wuz and glad,  
Gittin' home!—and things she had  
To inquire about, and talk—  
Plowin', plantin', and the stock—  
News o' neighborhood; and how  
Wuz the Deem-girls doin' now,  
Sence that-air young chicken-hawk  
They was "tamin'" soared away  
With their settin'-hen, one day?—  
(Said she'd got Mame's postal-card  
'Bout it, very day 'at she  
Started home from Bethany.)



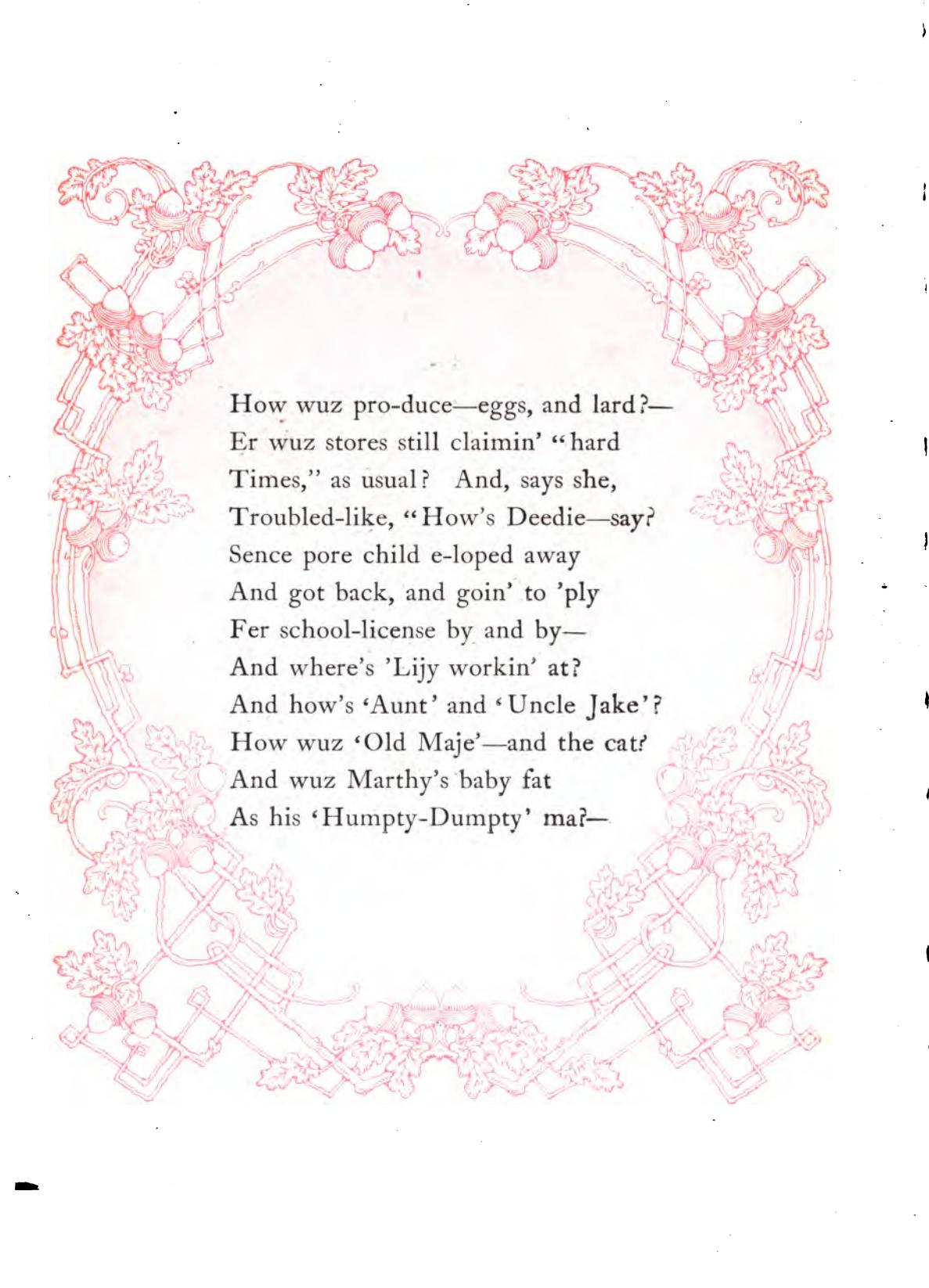
Howard Chandler Christy 1925





— Frank Bricher 1900

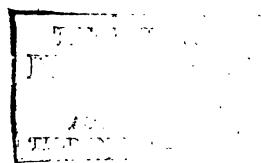
And got back, and goin' to 'ply  
Fer school-license by and by



How wuz pro-duce—eggs, and lard?—  
Er wuz stores still claimin' "hard  
Times," as usual? And, says she,  
Troubled-like, "How's Deedie—say?  
Sence pore child e-loped away  
And got back, and goin' to 'ply  
Fer school-license by and by—  
And where's 'Lijy workin' at?  
And how's 'Aunt' and 'Uncle Jake'?  
How wuz 'Old Maje'—and the cat?  
And wuz Marthy's baby fat  
As his 'Humpty-Dumpty' ma?—



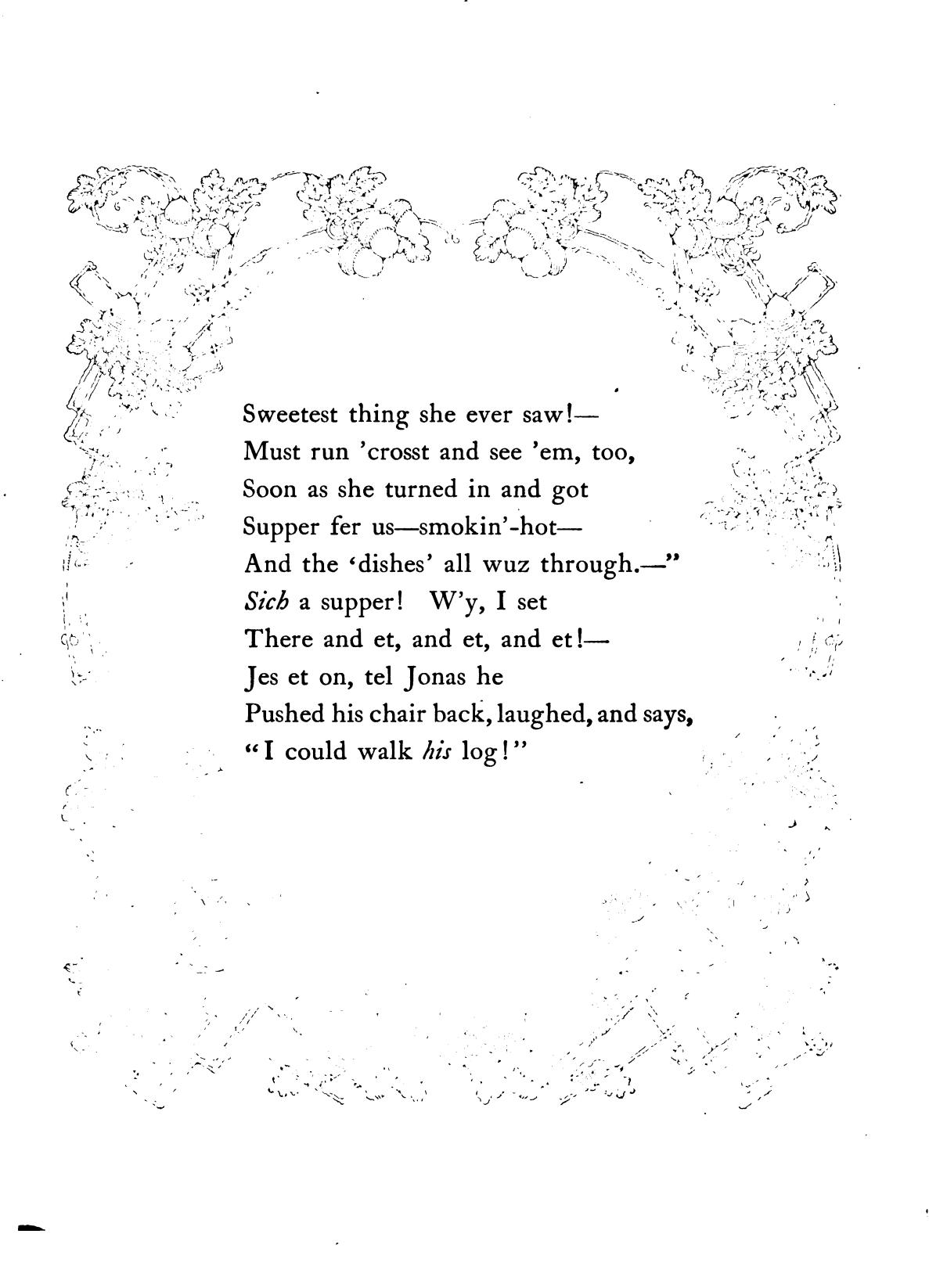
Howard Chandler Christy





— Miss Fannie O'.

Er wuz stores still claimin' "hard  
Times," as usual?



Sweetest thing she ever saw!—  
Must run 'crosst and see 'em, too,  
Soon as she turned in and got  
Supper fer us—smokin'-hot—  
And the 'dishes' all wuz through.—”  
*Sicb* a supper! W'y, I set  
There and et, and et, and et!—  
Jes et on, tel Jonas he  
Pushed his chair back, laughed, and says,  
“I could walk *his* log!”

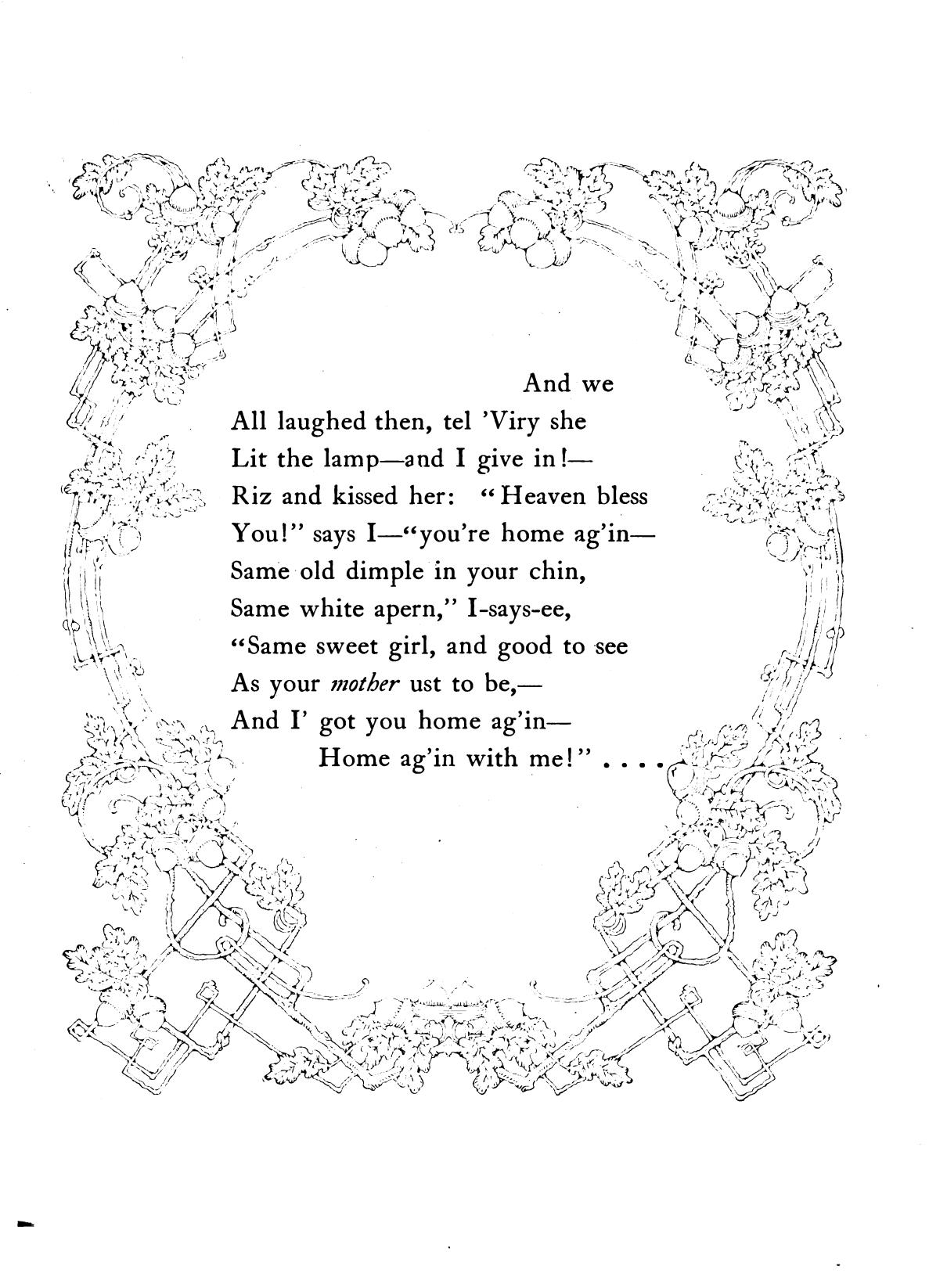






Howard Chandler Christy, Jr.

Soon as she turned in and got  
Supper fer us—smokin'-hot



And we  
All laughed then, tel 'Viry she  
Lit the lamp—and I give in!—  
Riz and kissed her: “Heaven bless  
You!” says I—“you’re home ag’in—  
Same old dimple in your chin,  
Same white apern,” I-says-ee,  
“Same sweet girl, and good to see  
As your *mother* ust to be,—  
And I’ got you home ag’in—  
Home ag’in with me!” . . .



Robert Collier Christie 1902

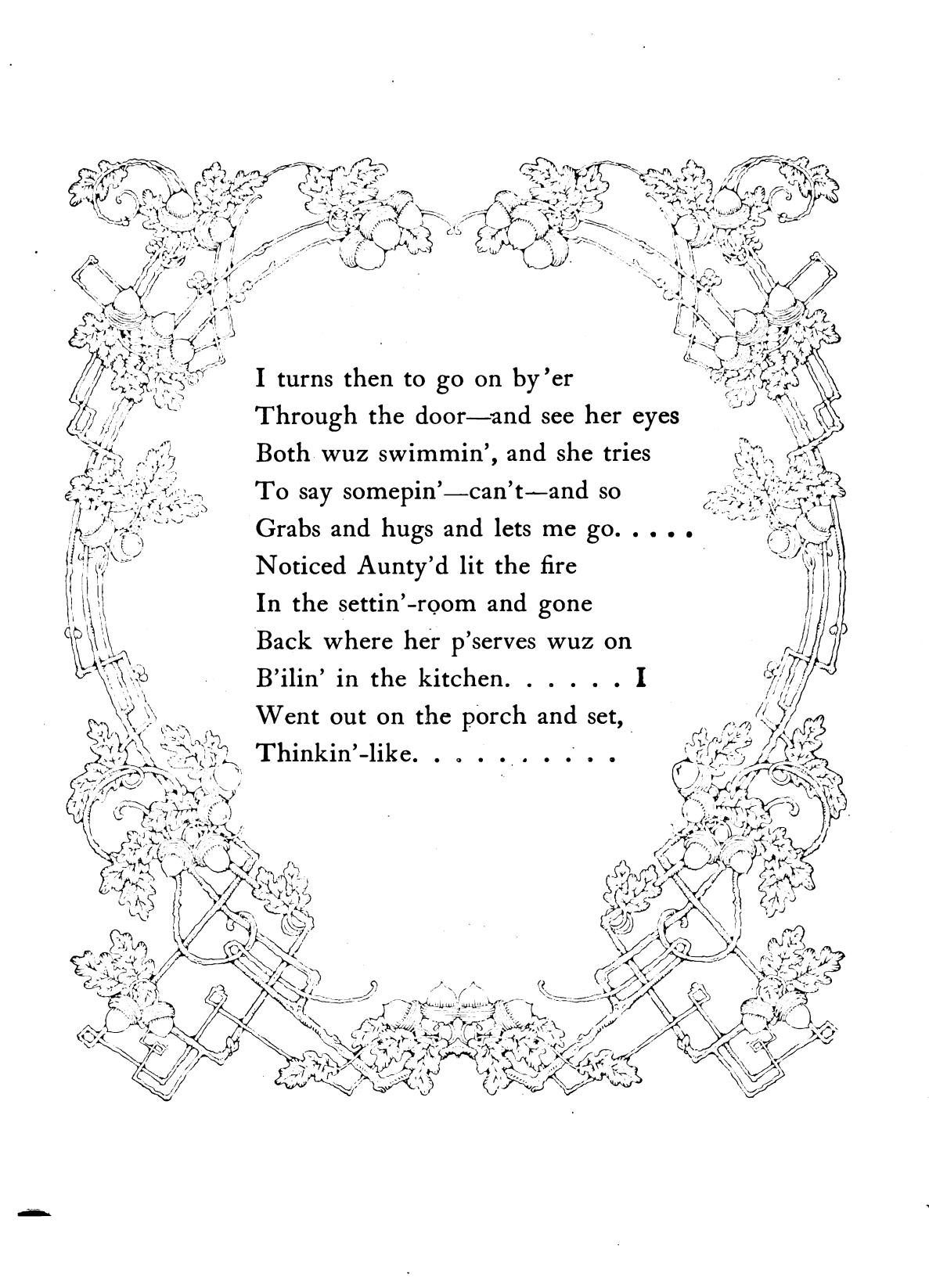
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Howard Chandler Christy 1918

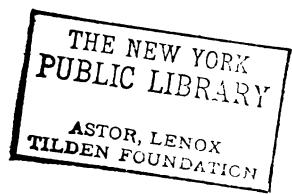
Same sweet girl, and good to see  
As your mother ust to be



I turns then to go on by'er  
Through the door—and see her eyes  
Both wuz swimmin', and she tries  
To say somepin'—can't—and so  
Grabs and hugs and lets me go. ....  
Noticed Aunty'd lit the fire  
In the settin'-room and gone  
Back where her p'serves wuz on  
B'ilin' in the kitchen. .... I  
Went out on the porch and set,  
Thinkin'-like. ....



—Walter Chittenden



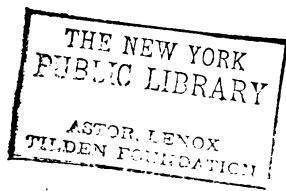


→ Honore Chandler Christy 1912

And see her eyes  
Both wuz swimmin'

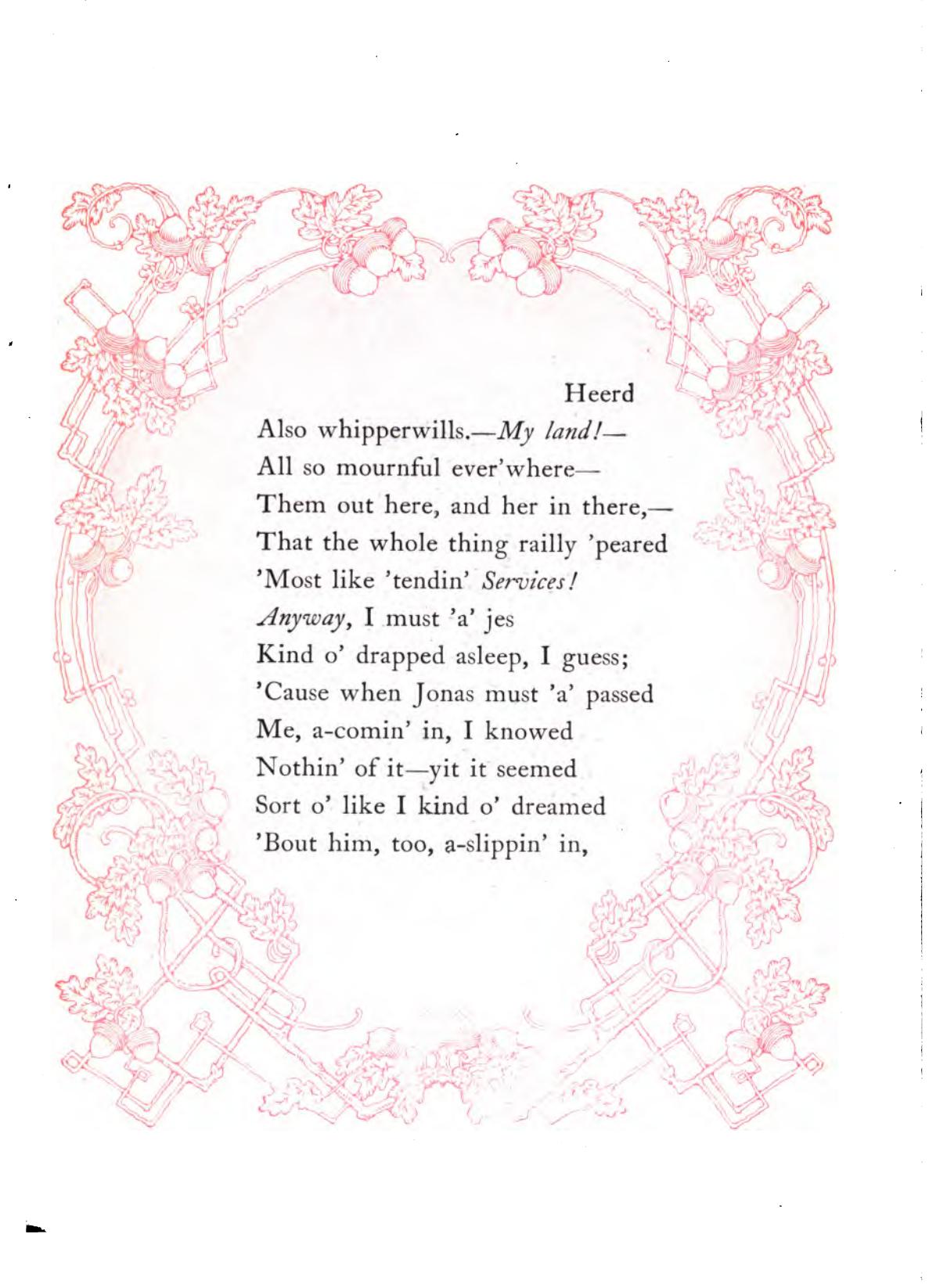
And by and by  
Heerd Elviry, soft and low,  
At the organ, kind o' go  
A mi-anderin' up and down  
With her fingers 'mongst the keys—  
“Vacant Chair” and “Old Camp-  
Groun’.” . . . . .  
Dusk was moist-like, with a breeze  
Lazin' round the locus'-trees . . . .  
Heerd the hosses champin', and  
Jonas feedin'—and the hogs—  
Yes, and katydids and frogs—  
And a tree-toad, som'er's. . . . .







Yes, and katydids and frogs—  
And a tree-toad, som'er's



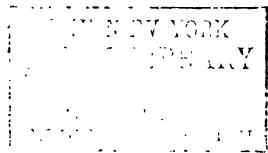
Heerd

Also whipperwills.—*My land!*—  
All so mournful ever'where—  
Them out here, and her in there,—  
That the whole thing raily 'peared  
'Most like 'tendin' *Services!*

*Anyway*, I must 'a' jes  
Kind o' drapped asleep, I guess;  
'Cause when Jonas must 'a' passed  
Me, a-comin' in, I knowed  
Nothin' of it—yit it seemed  
Sort o' like I kind o' dreamed  
'Bout him, too, a-slippin' in,

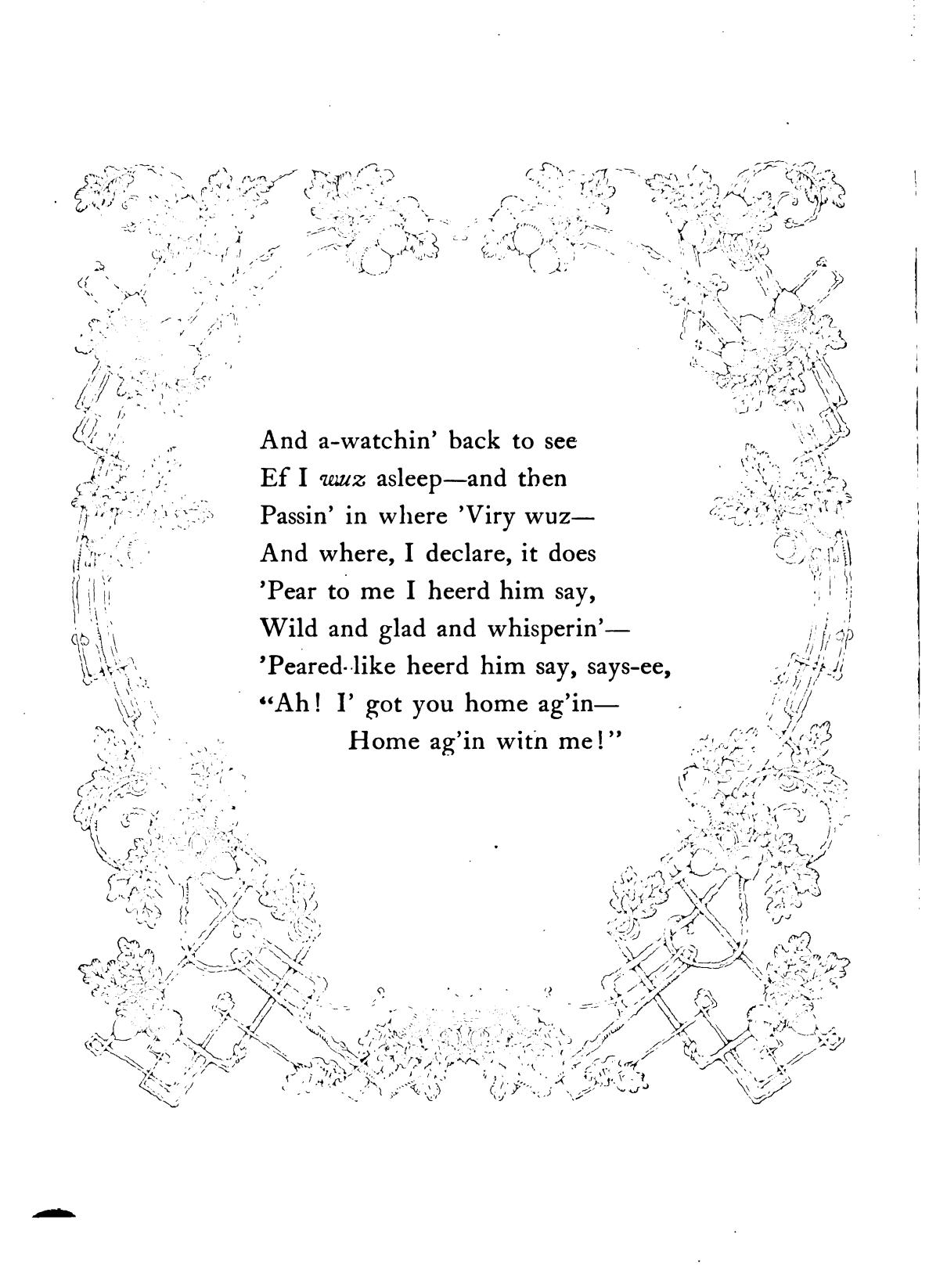


Howard Chandler Christy 1907





Anyway, I must 'a' jes  
Kind o' drapped asleep, I guess



And a-watchin' back to see  
Ef I *wuz* asleep—and then  
Passin' in where 'Viry wuz—  
And where, I declare, it does  
'Pear to me I heerd him say,  
Wild and glad and whisperin'—  
'Peared-like heerd him say, says-ee,  
“Ah! I’ got you home ag’in—

Home ag'in with me!”

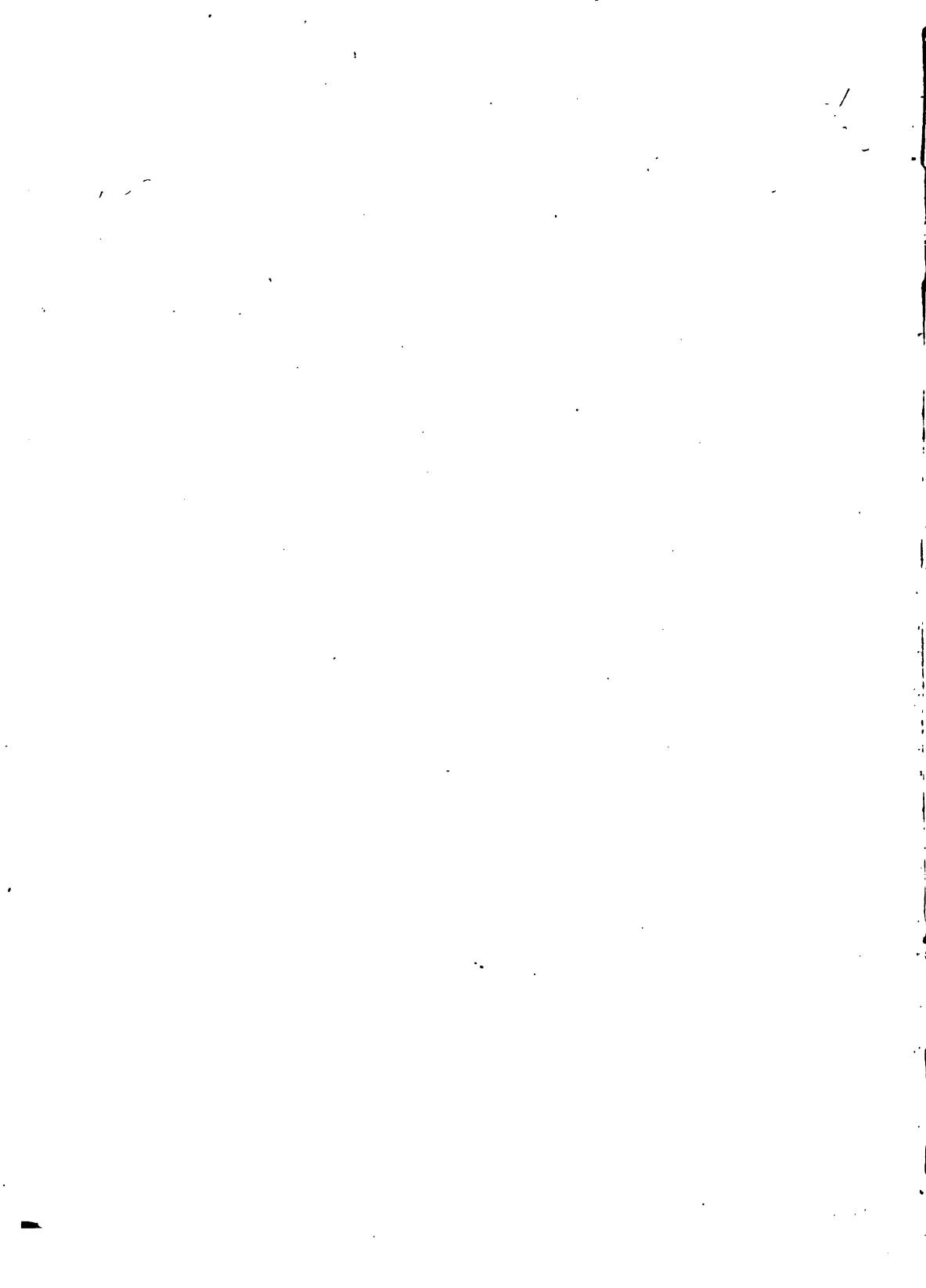


Howard Chandler Christy, 1902

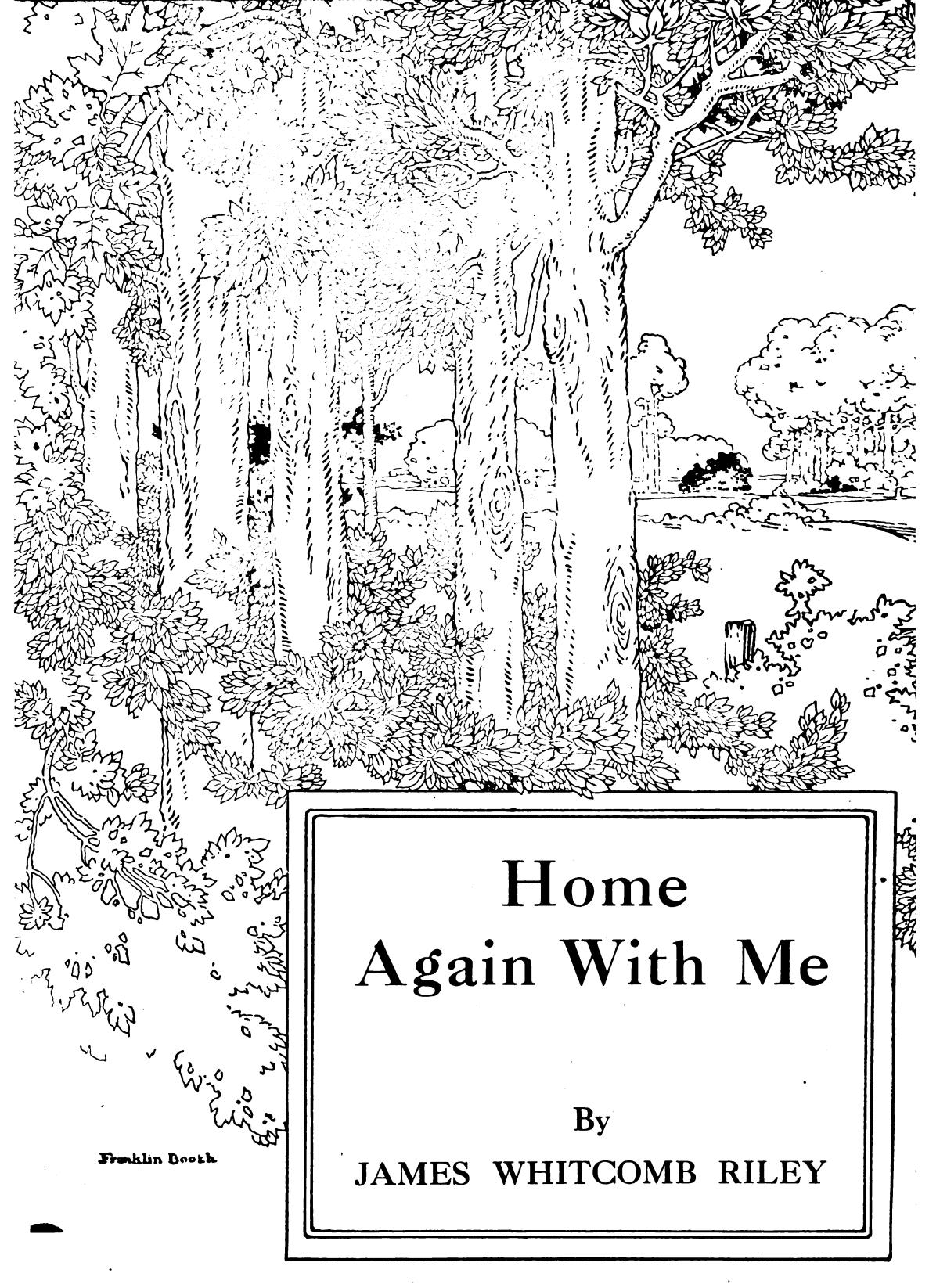




Ah! I 'got you home ag'in—  
Home ag'in with me!







# Home Again With Me

By

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Franklin Booth